

## About Plays and Players

By Bide Dudley

THE recent announcement that an Army Athletic Fund show would be held at the Hippodrome Sunday evening, Sept. 16, under the auspices of The Evening World, has created great interest in the theatrical district. Managers, actors and everybody else are enthusiastic over the plan to furnish the New York State troops with athletic paraphernalia, and it is predicted on all sides that the affair will be a huge success. Volunteers for the programme are so numerous that such shows could be given if the only question was one of talent. While the bill is not ready for announcement in its entirety, it may be stated that the Signal Corps of the army will offer as one number a unique demonstration of the use of wireless telegraphy in war. Bert Levy, with his drollery, upograph, through the courtesy of A. Paul Keith and E. F. Albee, will also help out. Mr. Levy has notified Charles Dillingham, Chairman of the General Committee, that he needs a beautiful girl to go on the stage as a model in one of his stunts. Girls desiring to offer their services will kindly let the writer of this department know. It's going to be hard to pick the prettiest, for, on the level, there's a lovely crop of girls this year.

### BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

The Summer time is waning and the air contains a bite. I've got a hunch that Winter's drawing near. No more I kick the blanket off my little bed at night. Instead, I draw it up around my ear. The ducks have packed their trunks and soon they'll start their Southward trip; I love to see them skimming through the sky. And there's one other little poem I mustn't skip. I mean the yearly saw song of the fly. You know the end of summer means the end of Mister Fly. He merely rolls his eyes and passes on. It's then you find a currant or a raisin in the pie is nothing but a fly that's dead and gone. The butler's sure to miss him and the syrup won't look right unless it holds a struggling fly or two. But why should I, to drying flies, a lovely rhyme indite? I cannot understand it, sir. Can you?

### OUR OWN POPULAR SONGS.

Pretty Carrie Cooper,  
Never got lonely  
'Til she had a reason, don't you see?  
Her temper it was normal,  
Her manner quite informal,  
Like Grandma's was in 1900,  
Once Grandma Henry Hiss,  
Stumped on a log and smashed it very dead,  
How could death hit him,  
Then kicked him twice and hit him,  
And as he yelled in rage she softly said:

### Refrain.

"Oh, Henry Hiss, why so crusty?  
Who aren't you tender-hearted?  
You squealed that bug in memory mass,  
And him and life have,  
You had no right to act like that,  
It done and done and done,  
I cannot see you now unless  
I get a stick in your eye."  
(Sings song.)  
I need a stick  
Like yours,  
(Sings song.)  
Go get that stick of yours."

### AN ASPIRING GIRL.

The following letter from an ambitious Jersey City girl, addressed to "The Director of the Theatre," has been received at the Hippodrome:

"Dear Sir: Do you think I could play violin on the stage? I am in the third position in the book. I could play good. I am twelve years of age. GENIVIEVE BULASZEWSKA."

### GOSSIP.

Ralph Brainerd, tenor, has been engaged for "The Red Clock."  
Mary Boland is to have the leading role in "Rick Abbed."  
"Here Comes the Bride" opens in Boston this evening.

Jane Houston has been engaged by William Faversham for "The Old Country."

Flora Revell, singer and dancer, has been engaged for the new Century show.

Richard Walton Tully's Mexican play, "The Flame," opens its second season in Albany to-night.

Allen Doane and his company have gone to Providence, where they will open in "Lucky O'Shea" to-night.

Fatty Arbuckle is the author of a volume of serious verse soon to be published. He also sings love ballads.

Daniel Frohman has engaged Courtney Foote for the leading role in "Seven Days' Leave."

Adolf Bolm will be artistic director of the new Russian opera to be presented at the Metropolitan next winter.

"Rambler Rose," with Julia Sanderson and Joseph Cawthorne starred, will open at the Empire Sept. 10.

Chic Sale of the Winter Garden has bought a home near Yonkers. Hiram Sale will run the old farm near Urbana, Ill.

Rehearsals for "Lila Time," which Jane Cowl will continue to use as a starring vehicle, have begun. It will open at the Montauk, Brooklyn, Sept. 10.

Lew Kelly has been engaged by Albert de Courville as a feature of the new revue at the London Hippodrome, which opens Sept. 10. That's a big jump from burlesque. Lew.

The United Booking Offices have arranged for Edith Helena, prima donna, to sing for the soldiers at Fort Slocum Wednesday evening. She will offer a new act.

**SHERMAN WRONG, HE SAYS.**  
R. Anstett, who used to be a property man in New York theatres, but who is now in the American Ambulance Service in France, writes us to say he is actually having a fine time.

"Mr. Sherman made a mistake when he said war was hell," his letter states. Then he adds: "Tell J. J. Schuster we have several of his chorus men here in the hospital doing their bits. I go out and get them and the chorus men fix their wounds. Come on over! We're having a grand time."

**NEW YORK'S BUSY SPOTS.**  
A Tenderloin tango cafe at 8 A. M.

**FOOLISHMENT.**  
Somebody stole a radio.  
The police found it.  
And let it be discharged.  
Toss just for a kid.

**FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.**  
"That's a nice hat. But I know where you got it!"  
"Where?"  
"On your head."

## "S'MATTER, POP?"

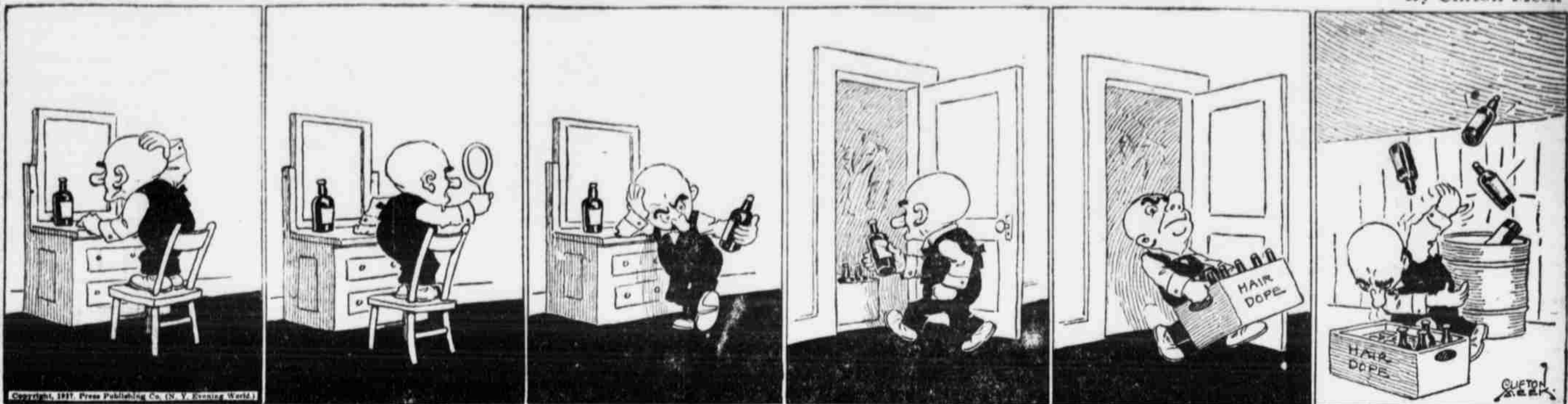


By C. M. Payne

## OLD GRINDSTONE GEORGE

There Are Times When Distrust Grows Faster Than Hair!

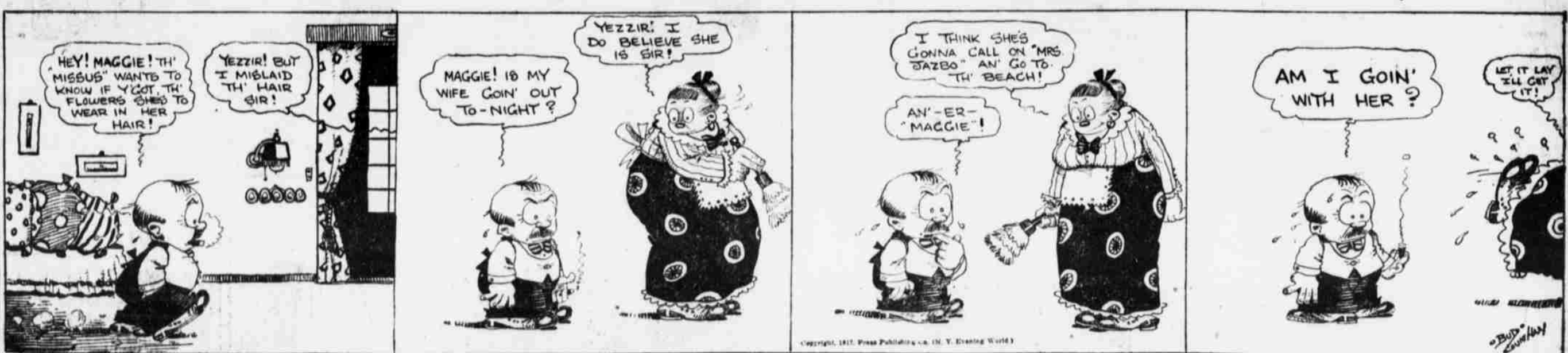
By Clifton Meek



## HENRY HASENPFEFFER

Apparently He Doesn't Enjoy His Wife's Full Confidence!

By Bud Counihan



## The Day's Good Stories

### WEAK COMFORT.

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL, of the American commission to Russia, said at a banquet of New York Socialists in his honor: "I confess that some of the Russian news looks rather dubious. The Russian soldiers fraternizing with the

German soldiers in the trenches of the eastern front, for instance. Rather dubious, that, eh? Rather suggestive of a desire for a separate peace."

"Cher up, Charlie!" shouted an optimistic Socialist from the further end of the table. "Never despair, old man! Somewhere behind the clouds the sun is shining."

"Yes," said Mr. Russell. "And somewhere below the sea there's a solid bottom. But what good does that do to the chap who gets submerged?" — Tombridge Valley Clarion.

### A PHILOSOPHER.

A WELL KNOWN athlete says that on entering a Turkish bath one night he found a stranger struggling in the swimming pool.

There was nobody near, and the man was evidently unable to swim, having fallen in probably without ascertaining whether the water would be above his head.

The athlete swam to the assistance of the struggling man. Grasping him by the hair, he lowered him to the side of the tank and assisted him to hang on until he recovered his breath.

What were the first words uttered by the rescued one? Did he stammer out thanks to his human preserver? No. The human mind is a curious affair. As the half-drowned man struggled back to consciousness, memories of an old jest seemed to fit through his brain, for he said: "Lucky for me I wasn't bald headed!" — Tit-Bits.

**BOTH LEARNED SOMETHING.**  
DURING the recent territorial manoeuvres, a raw recruit had been told off as orderly.

On reaching the marquee where the officer was he poked his head in and bluntly inquired: "Have ye anything for me to do, mister?"

Disgustedly laying down his cigar, the officer exclaimed: "Why the deuce don't you introduce yourself in a proper manner? Sit down," he added, "and I will show you how to report yourself."

The recruit seated himself and the officer, proceeding to the entrance, walked briskly into the tent, saluted, and said:

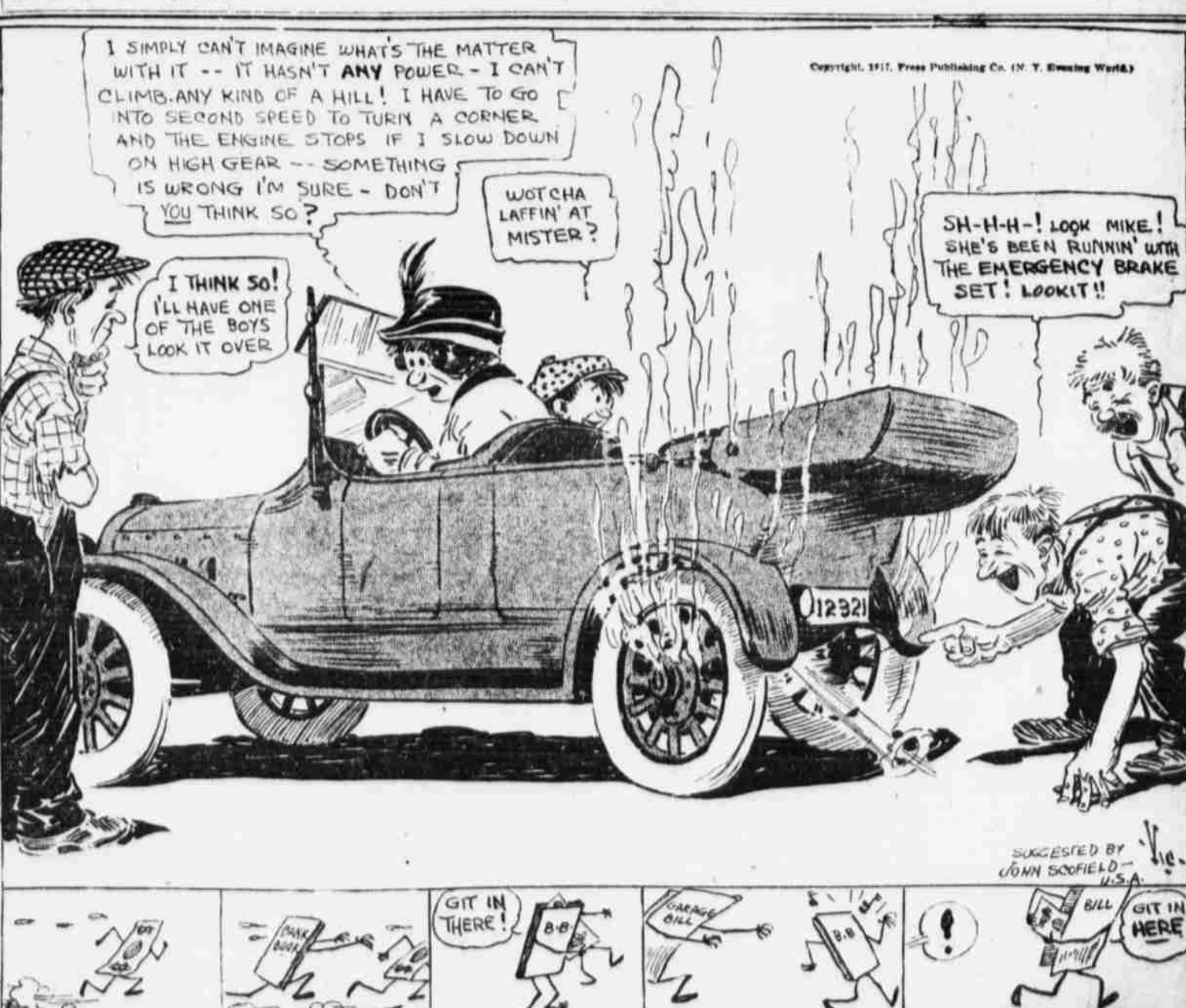
"Orders for the day, sir. Have you any orders for me?"

The recruit calmly picked up the discarded cigar from the table and blew a puff, ironically replied: "No, there's very little doing to-day. You can look it!" — London Tit-Bits.

## Joe's Car

His Wife's Learning, but It'll Take Time!

By Vic



## MOVING PICTURE FUNNIES

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Cut out the picture on all four sides. Then carefully fold dotted line 1 its entire length. Then dotted lines 2 and 3. Fold each section underneath accurately. When completed turn over and you'll find a surprising result.